

Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that told me  
When I enquired their names?

*Herald.* We leave, they'r called  
*Arcite and Palamon,*

*Thes.* Tis right, those, those  
They are not dead?

*Her.* Nor in a state of life, had they bin taken  
When their last hurts were given, twas possible  
They might have bin recovered; Yet they breathe  
And haue the name of men.

*Thes.* Then like men use'em  
The very lees of such (millions of rates)  
Exceede the wine of others. all our Surgions  
Conuent in their behoofe, our richest balmes  
Rather then niggard wait, their liues concerne us,  
Much more then Thebs is worth, rather then haue'em  
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state  
(Sound and at liberty) I would'em dead,  
But forty thousand fold, we had rather haue'em  
Prisoners to us, then death; Beare'em speedily  
From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and minister  
What man to man may doe for our sake more,  
Since I haue knowne frights, fury, friends, becheastes,  
Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistris Taske,  
Desire of liberty, a seavours, madnes,  
Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too  
Without some imposition, sicknes in will  
Or wrastling strength in reason, for our Love  
And great *Appollos* mercy, all our best,  
Their best skill tender. Leade into the Citty,  
Where hauing bound things scatterd, we will post *Floriss.*  
To Athens for our Army. *Exeunt.*

*Musicke.*  
Scæna 5. Enter the Queenes with the Hearses of their  
Knights, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.

*Vrnes, and odours, bring away,  
Vapours, sighes, darken the day;*

*Our*

*Our* dole more deadly lookes than dying  
Balmes, and Gummes, and heavy cheeres,  
Sacred vials fill'd with teares,  
And clamors through the wild ayre flying.

*Come* all sad, and solempne Showes,  
That are quick-eyd pleasures foes;  
*We* conuent nought else but woes. *We conuent, &c.*

3. Qu. This funeral path, brings to your households graves  
Joy ceaze on you againe: peace sleepe with him.

2. Qu. And this to yours.

1. Qu. Yours this way: Heavens lend  
A thousand differing waies, to one sure end.

3. Qu. This world's a Citty full of straying Streeteres,  
And Death's the market place, where each one meetes.  
*Exeunt severally.*

## *Actus Secundus.*

Scæna I. Enter Tailor, and Wooer.

*Tailor.* I may depart with little, while I live, some thing I  
May cast to you, not much: Alas the Prison I  
Keepe, though it be for great ones, yet they seldome  
Come; Before one *Salmon*, you shall take a number  
Of Minnowes: I am given out to be better lyn'd  
Then it can appeare, to me report is a true  
Speaker: I would I were really, that I am  
Deliverd to be: Marry, what I have (be it what  
it will) I will assure upon my daughter at  
The day of my death.

*Wooer.* Sir I demaund no more then your owne offer,  
And I will estate your Daughter in what I  
Have promised,

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*Tailor.*